

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Tuesday, January 3. 1709.

IT is against my Temper, and contrary to my known Practice, to beat a Man when he is down. The unhappy Gentleman that has run beyond his Tether, and has brought himself into Trouble, I shall say of him as they say to People that plead to an Indictment, *GOD send him a good Deliverance*.—Nor, Gentlemen, when all is done, will the Doctor meet with such unfair Treatment, such Wheedling, such Threatning, such Bullying, and Noise, as once run down the poor Author of this by his Parry?—The Commons of Britain may be severe, *but they will be just*. The happy Constitution of this free Nation, even that same Constitution that this Doctor has insulted, is now his Safety; it is because we are a free People; it is because the

Subjects Obedience is conditional, and their Properties, Liberties, and Blood are not at the absolute Disposal of the Prince; that this Man cannot be dealt with, but as the Law shall direct—Had the Foundation of our Government stood upon the absolute Subjection of the Subject to the Supreme Power—Had the Sovereign been under no Legal Limitations—He had been left to her Majesty's immediate Correction—And Merciful as the QUEEN is, and Tender of her People—Her Majesty could hardly have done less than have hang'd him—who had expressly dethron'd her only Rightful Authority, and array'd her in a Garment, which would presently have been claim'd by another.

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He had taken away her Majesty's Parliamentary Title to the Crown, and cloath'd Her with an Hereditary Geugaw, which may, or may not, belong to Her, or to another—No Prince, however Merciful, could have born with this Insolence, and without reproaching her Majesty in the least. Had absolute, uncontrollable Power been vested in the Queen, her Majesty must have sent her Guards immediately, and carry'd him from the Pulpit to the G—. She had not been just to her own Safety, and she would soon have lost her absolute Authority, if she had not done so.

So that well it is for this Gentleman, that what he says is not true, and he stands now by that very Constitution, which he pretended to overthrow—Nay, there is no Question, but you will find him pleading those very Laws, and taking hold of all the Advantages, the reserv'd Rights, of a People deliver'd from uncondition'd Obedience, entitle us to— I warrant you, he pleads the Claim of Right, (*Viz.*) That excessive Fines and exorbitant Punishments are illegal. That the Subjects Liberty by *HABEAS CORPUS* should not be infring'd— Let us see, if he will quit these happy Articles, which distinguish Britains from other People— Let us see, if he can practise uncondition'd Obedience now, and divest himself of the Rights of an Englishman— He owns the Queen, for he has taken the Oaths to her Majesty; if his absolute uncondition'd Obedience be his Duty, then he ought not to seek Remedies of Law, or take Advantages of any Acts of Parliament, or of Forms of Law, but entirely to submit to every Thing.

But the *Doffor* is a true *Higb-Flyer*— He'll retain the old Principle—N° 88. to preach up Passive Obedience to every Body but themselves— And well it is for him, that these Things are so— English Liberty is his Safety, and by Virtue of this Glorious Article, he can receive no Punishment, either from Queen or Parliament, but what is justify'd by, and agreeable to the Laws of the Land— Nor shall his giving up his Country's Liberties, in his

foolish and absurd Notions of Government and Obedience, forfeit for him his Rights, but he shall be defended and secur'd from Oppression, by those very Laws he has exploded, and by those very Limitations of Government which he has despis'd.

I doubt not, if the *Doffor* pleases but to reflect on this, in the Time of his present Sufferings, he will find so much of the Advantage of it to himself, as may make him a Convert to a regulated Government for the Time to come. It is a great Mistake in People to think, a regulated Monarchy is no Monarchy— Limited Sovereignty is better Sense and better Grammar, even in Language, than *Passive-Obedience*; but it is much better in Politicks—as we all know by happy Experience— Indeed, Gentlemen *Higb-Flyers*, had not our Monarchy been limited by Laws, and the Passions of the Prince cool'd by the Consultations of a Legislature—you must not have suppos'd your Princes to have been Flesh and Blood, or else you must have seen them set their Foot upon the insolent Race of the *Higb-Church* Party, and crushing them with the utmost Indignation.

But the Safety of you all is in those very Liberties you would basely give up, and you may evidently see, ye have been all fighting against your selves— I wonder, the Observation should not be convincing.

After all, I cannot but hope, the *House of Commons* will go on to brand the Principles of these Men, whatever they do with their Persons. I shall push no Man's Fate: I shall rejoyce to see even my Enemy out of the Pit, into which his own Folly has cast him, for I hate no Man's Person. And tho' this very Man's Rage was the Foundation of my Destruction formerly, yet I shall be the last Man, that shall so much as wish any Severity to him— But my Hope and Prayer is, and were it proper, I would in the humblest Manner address the *House of Commons* to a Step something differing in this Case, from what most People are now intent upon; and I'll express it as briefly as I can in my next.

MISCELLANEA.

I Cannot enter here upon Things remote to the present Views you have; I know, the Humour of the Town — They think always most upon what is immediately before them — But what think you of War abroad, Gentlemen? The Question is not very remote.

Will the King of Denmark have Success in his mad Winter-Expedition into *Schonen*?

Will you believe any Thing of a Treaty of Peace to be negotiated at *Pinebourg*, where they say, his Majesty of Denmark is going to treat with no Body about it?

Is the Czar of *Muscovy* likely to besiege *Riga* in *December*, on Pretence of storming upon the Ice? And is King *Augustus* going to invest *Elbing*, or in *English*, are both these subtle-Princes going to be distracted?

Is the King of Sweden dead at *Bowder* in *Fartary*, and if not, do you know what he stays there for?

Will the Northern War lessen our Troops in *Flanders*, or will it not? And if it should, can we not recruit them, or rather make up the Number from other Places?

Will the French really evacuate *Spain*, and does he do it for Want of his own Troops only, or upon Satisfaction, that *Philip V.* can deal well enough with that Glorious, Heroick, and most Magnanimous Son of the most Warlike Emperor, who now professes to be his Enemy?

Is the Scarcity of Corn in *France* at this Time so Great as we say it is, or is it not? — And is the real Scarcity they have, a Judgment, in impoverishing their People, or a Help to them in driving their Men into their

Shall we ever beat the French into good Terms of Peace, till we stop the Channel of Bullion they receive yearly from the Coasts of *America*?

Whether is the Squadron of Nine Men of War bound, which they say, are equipping at *Brest*, and which are to be commanded by the Marquis *De Nesmond*?

If they should go to *Scotland*, would they do us any Harm or any Good there? Where will the Parliament find Money to carry on the War?

I shall not pretend to answer any of these Queries, but the Last — And this is answer'd by asking a Question, which the French may answer if they can; *Viz*

Did the French believe at the Beginning of this War, that the *English* could have exerted that Strength they have found in them? Neither do they, or any of our melancholly Reflectors upon upon publick Affairs know, how far the Strength of the Nation can extend.

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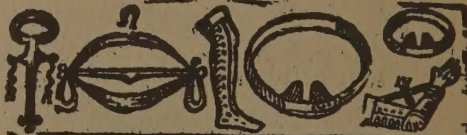
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N. B. His Mother, the Widow of the late Mr. Christopher Bartlett, lives at his House in Goodman's-Fields, and is very skillful in the Business of her own Sex.